

# The state flower of Hell

Robert Tremmel

has wide, pointed leaves  
that droop downward  
and turn brown  
above thin, sandy  
soil, melting away  
in all directions  
at once, vanishing  
point of hazy  
cloudless sky

and in the center  
one erect inflorescence  
with flowers warm  
as your hand and a scent  
you will recognize  
as your own  
the instant you smell it.